

THIS MORNING OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE

I awoke and just glimpsed your black bush
as your housecoat fell
around your thighs
clothing you for coffee

and I thought
as when a bird flew across
my vision the other day
backwinging a-flutter to touch
down on the branch

little wren
will you ever know how pretty
you looked just now

IN ARIZONA

At dawn the sky gets up
behind the eucalyptus trees
and just stands there like
a friend out of work
not saying anything

— Ben Jacques

Stoneham MA

POSTCARDS FROM IRONIC CITY (NO. 1)

— for John Levin

A taxi cab
with its windows wound down.
Islamic music pounding out
as the driver makes
an illegal
U-turn.

POSTCARDS FROM IRONIC CITY (NO. 2)

Store-front Santas
clanging their bells,
forcing the homeless
to beg a little louder.